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ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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### *For the Sufferers in War-stricken Europe:*

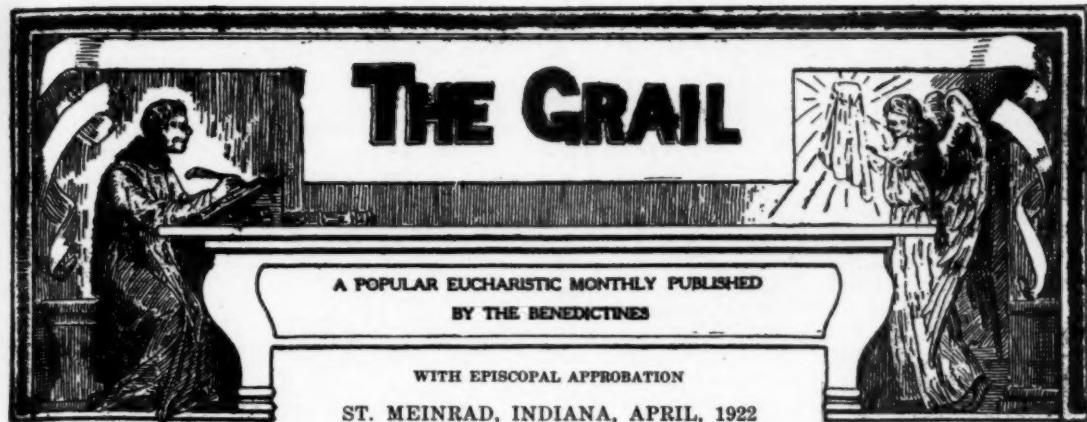
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N. B. Money with requests for Masses to be offered up the the impoverished and needy priests of Austria and Germany will be gladly forwarded gratis. Address all communications to

ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY, B. F.  
St. Meinrad, Indiana

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## A Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom

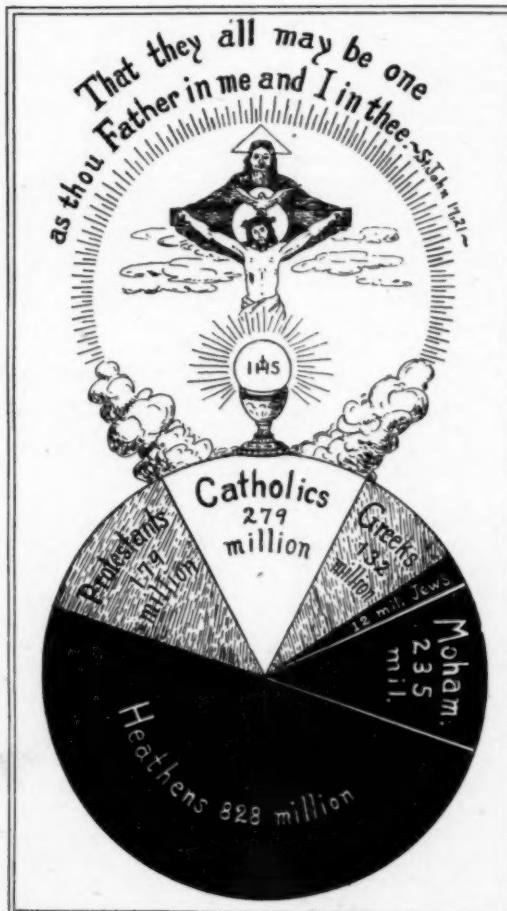
The diagram shown here-with makes clear at a glance how small a number of the 1,665,000,000 people on earth are Christians. Only about 590 million of this vast number profess Christianity in some form or other, while only 279 million are Catholics. Excluding twelve million Jews, 1,063,000,000 are still groping about in the darkness and superstition of paganism. What are you doing to win these souls to Christ? A very simple, yet effective, means is offered in the "International Eucharistic League under the Guidance of the Holy Ghost for the Union of Christendom."

### THE LEAGUE A MISSION ACTIVITY

The object of the International Eucharistic League, which is preeminently a mission activity and apostolic work, is (1) to establish peace—union and harmony—among the Catholics of this war-torn, brother-hating world of ours, (2) to bring back to the Church all our separated brethren living in Protestantism, and (3) to convert to the faith all the heathens and pagans.

### THE TWO SIMPLE PRACTICES OF THE LEAGUE

The International Eucharistic League imposes no new



obligations on its members but asks them (1) to offer up daily for its threefold intention all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world—which may be done mentally or orally, as in the formula given on the certificate of admission; (2) to offer up also one Mass heard and one Holy Communion received—at least once a week (first degree), or once a month (second degree), or three times a year (third degree)—a maximum of purpose with a minimum of practice.

There are no fees, dues, or collections, yet to carry on the work of the League a small alms is expected at the time of admission.

### BE AN APOSTLE—HELP WIN SOULS TO CHRIST

Join the League. Send for some of these leaflets and distribute them among your friends and acquaintances. Get them to join too.

For membership in the League apply to a promoter, to the local director, or to Rev. Benedict Brown, O.S.B., national director and editor of *THE GRAIL*, the official organ of the League, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

### Our New Missionary

The Church sends out her missionaries not only to foreign lands to acquaint the heathen with the knowledge of the true God and win him to Christ, but she also directs them to go among her own people to stir up the faith which is in them that it may become an active, zealous, living faith. She encourages and stimulates mission activity among clergy and laity. She approves of and blesses religious societies that have as their object the moral and social uplift of man, the diffusion or spreading of the truths of the Gospel, the efforts through confraternity and prayer to bring all men into the one true fold.

What is possibly the most recent of these societies to attain unity is the "International Eucharistic League," which THE GRAIL has undertaken to propagate among the Catholics of our country. The illustration with the accompanying text on the foregoing page forms a two-page leaflet that we have just printed for general distribution. It shows at a glance the vast number that are beyond the pale of Christianity. The International Eucharistic League will add its mite towards the accomplishment of the unity so much desired by the Savior—"that they all may be one."

The purpose, then, of the leaflet is to act as our missionary in acquainting everyone, into whose hands it may chance to fall, with the sublime object of the League—unity among Catholics, the return to the faith of non-Catholics, the conversion of non-Christians—and the utter simplicity of its practices—only a brief daily offering and an occasional Mass heard and Holy Communion received. May it induce many to take up these simple practices and thus bring great multitudes to Christ.—A certificate of admission, which contains the statutes of the International Eucharistic League, will be gladly sent to all who apply for admission.

### Will St. Joseph Help?

The saints had unbounded confidence in the powerful intercession of St. Joseph; in our own day the devout clients of St. Joseph are almost without number. St. Joseph was the reputed father of Jesus, for Whom he performed all the offices of a loving and devoted father; Jesus loved St. Joseph and obeyed him while on earth, but He is just as ready and willing to obey his every wish even now in Heaven. If we love Jesus, let us love St. Joseph, too, and invoke him as foster father of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

We have asked the dear St. Joseph, and we are going to continue our petitions to him, to prepare the hearts of the faithful for the reception of the work of the International Eucharistic League, which, up to the present has not made great headway in our country.

Father Puntigam, S. J., chief director, informs us that the League is making continual progress in Europe, where the need of friendship with God and fellowship with men is sorely felt. But the good Father deplores the fact that because of adverse circumstances, especially the enormously high prices, it is next to im-

possible to publish the official organ of the League and to get other printing done that is necessary for spreading the League and making it known. Therefore the Jesuit Fathers have determined to set up a small printing plant of their own at Vienna. They have purchased a small press and paper cutter on credit in the hope that the good St. Joseph will help them pay their indebtedness and buy the material they need for propagating the League. They would be most grateful to St. Joseph if he would direct their way some alms to aid them in the noble cause. Mass intentions would be very acceptable too.

But Father Puntigam is mindful also of other needs than his own at Vienna. He says that the distress of the people is extreme. If he could only get from America for distribution among these poverty-stricken sufferers some of the men's and women's clothing that has been laid aside as unsuitable for wear, even though it appear worn or patched, it would cover the naked and shivering members of Christ's poor. What a boon such gifts would be. "The need is great and the distress is terrible." A very small roll or loaf of bread costs thirty kronen (before the war a "krone" had the value of 20.3 cents in our money), but to buy an ordinary suit of clothes now requires 100,000 kronen, which, even less than ten years ago, would have been sufficient to pay for the beautiful bridal robes that Princess Mary wore at her recent marriage and there would have been a neat sum for spending money over and above.—Will St. Joseph help? "Ite ad Joseph—Go to Joseph," says the Church. May the loving saint help us and protect us in life and be at our bedside at the hour of death!

Love our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Serve Him ever more perfectly. Visit Him daily with greater zeal and love. Do all to please Him; do all out of love for Him.—P. Eymard.

### The Easter Supreme

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

Did the mother-heart of thee hold,  
Mary, these glorious days,  
Remembrance fadeless and old  
In the wake of long trodden ways?

Did the rapture of Easter fling  
Afar the grief thou didst know?  
Or cold to us splendor cling  
The wraith of thy Friday of Woe?

To the full light we never may drift  
From the shadows of sorrow's deep dream;  
Then, Mary, we earth-mothers lift  
Dim eyes to thy Easter Supreme.

Not till the eternal gates,  
Shut out for us life's clinging night  
And with thee find the morning that waits,  
Supreme Easter of endless light.

## A Fearless Advertiser

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

**S**MOK! Yes, long curls of it circled to the ceiling of Father Gilbert's study where Mr. Georges, the genial editor of the local paper was enjoying a friendly chat with his pastor. For a few moments both men revelled silently in the oblivion of all temporal cares.

"Speaking of advertisements, Father," broke out the editor abruptly, "you can't imagine my surprise the other night when going through my papers, I found an 'ad' of religion in the 'Pittsburg Dispatch.'"

"Why be surprised? I thought 'ads' were your cure-all. You have always been claiming a sort of infallibility for them. Just the other day you tried to convince me that with your 'ads' you could dispense of even imaginary wares."

"Oh, I am still strong on 'ads' but the novelty."

"Novelty? Doesn't advertisement imply spread? And hasn't 'spread' been the motto of the Church ever since Christ gave the injunction, 'Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature'?"

"Yes, but He said, 'preach.'"

"True enough, but did not some of the Apostles resort to the pen?"

"Were not the Scriptures of the New Testament generally directed to the faithful much the same as the bishops send out their pastorals now?"

"Yes, you are right. A few of the letters of the Apostles, however, were addressed to individuals of the fold."

"That is why I am surprised, for these 'ads' enter the very houses of people who are most hostile to the Church."

"It is not my intention to pass judgment on the prudence and opportuneness of these insertions, but I do want to prove to you that this course is not so novel after all."

"I never heard of its happening before."

"Well, the apologies of some of the early Fathers of the Church were not so unlike these advertisements, for they were written directly to hostile emperors and senates."

"Of what nature were these apologies?"

"Defences of the faith. They were whole treatises on religion. Right up there on the upper shelf is St. Justin's apology."

"St. Justin! I am not acquainted with him."

"As editor you are obliged to post yourself in the history of the Church. Your blunders will be the stumblingblock of many of your readers."

"I plead guilty, but I am sure you will supply my deficiency this time."

"Yes, as to St. Justin, whose feast we celebrate on April 13th. Living in the second century, he became acquainted with the various systems of philosophy of his day but none satisfied the craving of his heart. It was only when, on the advice of a venerable old man, he searched the Scriptures, which he saw fulfilled in the Christian religion, that he felt the certainty of having found the truth. This once ascertained, he was ever eager to bring it before the public by advertising it, as you would say. Yes, he did advertise it by directing one apology to the emperor Antoninus Pius and a second to the Roman Senate in behalf of his fellow Christians."

"No doubt he was on his guard and took care not to reveal all the mysteries of the faith."

"He was so fearless that he did not maintain silence even in regard to the greatest of our treasures, the Holy Eucharist. Listen to his words on Holy Communion.

"This food,' he says, 'is called by us Eucharist, of which no one is allowed to partake, except he has been baptized, believes what we teach, and observes the commandments of Christ. For not as common bread and common drink do we receive; but in like manner as Jesus Christ, our Savior, having been made flesh by the word of God, hath taken both flesh and blood for our salvation, so likewise have we been taught that the food which is blessed by the prayer of His word, and from which our flesh and blood by conversion are nourished, is the flesh and blood of that Jesus who was made flesh. For the Apostles, in their commentaries which are called Gospels, have handed it down that Jesus had given them this injunction: that, having taken bread and given thanks, He said: *Do this in commemoration of Me, this is My body*, and in like manner, having taken the cup and given thanks, He said: *This is My blood*; and that He distributed them to these alone. And this, too, the wicked demons have, in imitation, commanded to be done in the mysteries of Mithra. For that bread and a cup of water are set forth in the rites appointed for the initiated ye may either know or may learn.'"

"What does he mean by the allusion to Mithra?"

"Mithra was a Persian god whose worship was introduced into Rome and the Roman provinces. The ceremonies of his worship included

a repast of bread and water and 'consecrated' wine."

"This is quite interesting."

"Oh, we have not finished. Here is what he says of the Mass. After we have washed him who has been convinced and has assented to our teaching we bring him to the place where those who are called brethren are assembled, in order that we may offer hearty prayers in common, both for ourselves and for the baptized person and for all others in every place; and having learned the truth, we may by works be found good administrators and observers of the commandments, that so we may obtain our eternal salvation. Having concluded the prayers we salute one another with a kiss; after which bread and a cup of wine mixed with water are brought to him who presides over the brethren. Having taken them he sends up praise and glory to the Father of all things, through the name of the Son and the Holy Spirit and employs much time in offering up thanks for having by Him been deemed worthy of these things. When the prayers have been ended and the thanksgiving made all the people present express their assent by saying *Amen*, which in the Hebrew tongue signifies so be it. They who are called amongst us deacons give to each of those present a portion of the bread and of the wine mixed with water over which the thanksgiving has been pronounced and carry away a portion to those who are absent."

"Indeed, that sounds much like the Mass, but the kissing seems to be out of place in church."

"The kiss is preeminently the symbol of love and affection. It has, however, been debased to express vile and carnal emotions, but this profanation cannot take from the kiss its natural function of voicing pure and holy affections of the human heart. Here it is the kiss of brotherly love. The early Christians realized that they formed but one family of brethren in Christ and so they felt the need of some symbol of that union in their religious gatherings. It was a beautiful symbol but frail and dangerous. While the inspiring sentiment lasted this custom maintained a spiritual freshness and a beauty like unto that of newly plucked flowers. Even now in assisted High Masses the *Pax*, Peace, or the kiss of peace is given by the celebrant to the deacon who passes it on to the other members of the clergy in the sanctuary. But we are drifting away from St. Justin. He has something on the Sunday service too"

"I suppose he was a stickler for ceremonies and long-winded sermons"

"On the day called Sunday," he says, "all who live in the cities or in the country gather

together in one place, and, the members of the Apostles or the writings of the Prophets are read as long as time permits; and when the reader has ceased, he who presides delivers a discourse in which he instructs and exhorts to the imitation of these good things. We then all rise together and pray: and as we before said, when we have ceased from prayers bread, wine, and water are brought; and he who presides, in like manner, offers up prayers and thanksgivings with his utmost power and the people assent by saying *Amen*. A distribution to each takes place and there is a participation of the things eucharistized (that is, consecrated) and a portion is sent by the deacons to those who are absent."

"I see that even in ancient times the sermon was a part of the service."

"Certainly. This description practically depicts our Sunday services: assembly in church, prayers, readings, sermon, offering and consecration of bread and wine, and communion. Now what do you say of such an advertisement?"

"It is certainly plain and direct."

"Yes, it will appear the more so when you recall that such courage must and did eventually cost the author's life. St. Justin died a martyr's death about 167."

"Father, I should like to learn more of this staunch advertiser of the faith. Will you let me take this volume along?"

"Most gladly. Here is also another 'Havana' to light your way home."

The Eucharist heals the maladies of the soul.

## The Easter Bell

NANCY BUCKLEY

Over the earth there gladly fell  
The song of many a golden bell  
Far and near came the joyous chime  
That heralded the Easter time.  
So loud, so clear, its music rang  
As sweet as if an Angel sang:—  
"Lo! Death and Darkness both have fled  
Since Christ is risen from the dead."  
O! little bell, tell wind and wave  
That Love has triumphed o'er the grave.  
Fill all the earth with joyous strain;  
Ring out, sweet bell, again—again!

## Mater Dolorosa

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

The scourge, the thorns, the broken, bloody trail,  
The cross, the nails, sore dereliction's wail—  
Each one a sword of agony apart  
By mother's love thrust deep into thy heart.

## Easter Joy

LAMBERT ENSLINGER, O. S. B.

**J**OY is the music of the heart. As music sleeps in the silent strings of the harp and awaits but the tender touch of a waking hand, so joy lies in the human heart. Who is it that touches the chords of our hearts on Easter morning? None other than the gloriously risen Redeemer. With an earthquake He strikes the keynote of Easter joy, the fundamental tone of which is expressed in the Introit of the Easter Mass: "Resurrexi, et adhuc tecum sum, alleluja.—I have arisen and I am still with you, alleluja."

From the whole treasury of the Sacred Scriptures, this alone has the divine ingenuity of the Church chosen to make the whole wondering earth ring with the joyous tidings of the Resurrection. The smile that nature wears in the spring sunshine falls short of the almost uncontrollable sense of joyous happiness which is ours in the liturgy for Easter, the feast of feasts, the solemnity of solemnities.

For many the joy of Easter is inspired rather by the thought that the penitential season of Lent is over, or by the gentle and genial breath of spring, or by the fact that they have brand new clothes. But Easter joy should be more thoughtful, more reasonable, more Christian. What is it, then, that makes us so happy on Easter?

When our Blessed Lord taught the sublime truths of our holy faith, He used very simple language. He spoke in parables. Everybody understood Him.

For example, when He wished to give His hearers some idea of the great joy before the Angels of God upon one sinner's doing penance, He compared this joy to that of a shepherd who had found his lost sheep, or to the rejoicing of a woman who found the coin she had lost.

In order to understand better the nature of genuine Easter

joy, let us formulate a parable, or a story of this nature, from our own times. During the recent great World War, day after day the papers gave a list of casualties, or the losses caused by death, discharge, or capture. Many eager eyes scanned these columns every day. But a day came when among the names of those killed in action at the front was that of an affectionate son to whom all were deeply attached. The grief of the bereaved family may well be imagined. Hope against hope was entertained that there might have been a mistake, but when official notice came from army headquarters, there was no more doubt. The beloved one was dead and was lying beneath a little lone mound in a land beyond the sea. The grief of father, mother, sisters and brothers is a depth we cannot sound; we can but think of their grief as that of the inconsolable Jacob, mourning over his lost Joseph; of Anna, the mother of the young Tobias, who "wept and was quite disconsolate because her son did not return from a strange land"; or of Mary and Martha at the death of Lazarus.

A few months after the armistice was declared our boys were gradually discharged and they came home filled with indescribable joy. Yet many would never return and one of these was that devoted son and brother. One night while the family was gathered in the living room and speaking of him whose vacant chair would never be filled, there came a sudden



I HAVE ARISEN AND I AM STILL WITH YOU

knocking at the door. The father arose to answer the call, when the uninvited stranger opened the door himself and entered. Pulling off his broad-brimmed hat, which shaded his face, he threw out his arms and embraced his sorrow-stricken father and mother. Like Jacob when he heard that Joseph was still alive, so the father could hardly believe his own eyes, "he awaked as it were out of a deep sleep"; like Anna the mother of the young Tobias, this good mother wept with joy at her boy's return; like Mary and Martha, his sisters rejoiced and gave thanks to Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life. Theirs was a joy of re-union with one they loved.

Such is the nature of the real joy of Easter—a joy of reunion with Christ Jesus, our Savior, Who suffered and died, was buried and rose again from the dead. Jesus Christ, Son of God and Son of Mary, our elder Brother, volunteered to fight in the great war for the restoration of the Kingdom of Heaven which sin had lost to mankind. In the battle against the prince of darkness He was actually killed, not because Satan was the stronger but because He willed it so, that by His death He might conquer death itself, the wages of sin. "No man taketh away my life from me; I lay it down of myself," Christ said, "I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it up again." And this power He made use of on the third day after His disgraceful death on the cross. Through His own power He arose gloriously from the tomb as the triumphant conqueror of death. And we, who mourned His death on Good Friday, overflow with joy on Easter at His Resurrection, when we hear Him say: "I have arisen—I am still with you."

The Blessed Virgin and the Apostles enjoyed a personal reunion with the risen Savior. They saw Him face to face, spoke to Him, and ate with Him. Although this privilege has not been granted to us, yet in His words to the doubting Thomas—"Blessed (happy) are they that have not seen, and have believed"—He assures us that our faith in Him shall be rewarded. We believe, as our Catholic Faith teaches, that Christ is with us through grace and by His presence in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

Our catechism tells us that grace is a supernatural help or gift, which God gives us, through the merits of Jesus Christ, for our eternal salvation. Christ Himself is that supernatural help, for He Himself says: "Without Me you can do nothing," that is, nothing meritorious for heaven. Grace, therefore, is the spiritual life of the soul; grace is to the soul what the life-giving sap of the vine is to the

branches. "I am the vine, you are the branches, he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit." To be, then, in the state of grace means to be in constant union with Christ, a union cemented by charity, the bond of perfection.

Sin, on the contrary, is a voluntary and deliberate breaking away from Christ, a separating of the branches from the life-giving vine, the spiritual death of the soul. Lent has for its object the bringing back of the sinner to Christ through penance and mortification, also the purging out of the old "leaven of malice and wickedness that you may be a new paste," as St. Paul writes in the Epistle of the Easter Mass. That person who is still in the state of sin, who has not made his Easter duty, who has not made a good confession and received Holy Communion, has no right to rejoice on the feast of the Resurrection, for his soul is still dead, it has not risen to a new life, it is still separated from Him Who is the source of all our joy on this day. Those, therefore, who have not made their Easter duty have good reason to fear with the frightened Jews and pagan guards; those, however, who have done their duty, may rejoice with Mary and the Apostles, for, united to Christ through charity and grace, the risen Savior is in their hearts and whispers to them by the voice of a good conscience: "I have arisen, and I am still with you."

Again, and above all, Christ has risen and is still with us in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, in Holy Communion. It is, indeed, a pleasing sight to God, to Angels, and to men to see so many receive Holy Communion daily during Lent and especially on Holy Thursday, the day of Its institution. It shows their appreciation, their gratitude, and their faith and love for the greatest proof of the Savior's love—Himself. Theirs is the joy of the Apostles at the Last Supper on the first Maundy Thursday. But ah! how sad, how bare, how deserted does not the altar appear a few hours later, when, stripped of its linens, the sanctuary lamp out, the tabernacle door opened—Jesus is gone! Let us suppose that during Friday night, the enemies of our holy religion had come with an armed force, as we read so often in history, and had taken all the priests into captivity, so that we should have no Mass or other services on this holy day, there would then be no joy in the hearts of the faithful on Easter morning.

When does the Easter joy really begin? Is it at the singing of the sublime "Exultet" on Holy Saturday morning, when the sanctuary lamp is lighted again? Oh no! that is but the morning star preceding the "Sun" which is to rise. Is it at the solemn intoning, with trum-

pet and organ, of the long-suppressed Alleluja? Is it at the Offertory, when, as was formerly a universal custom (and is still such here in the Abbey Church at St. Meinrad) a pretty, little lamb (the Paschal Lamb) is blessed? Indeed, our hearts are filled with holy and joyous anticipation during these impressive ceremonies but then and only then do the sanctuary lamp, the Alleluja, and the Paschal Lamb have a meaning when the Consecrated Host is again elevated and Christ seems to say: "I have arisen, and I am still with you." Then is our joy complete and we adore and fall on our knees like Mary Magdalene, on the first Easter morning, saying: "Rabboni! My Lord and my God!"

There is an intimate connection between Christ's Resurrection and the Holy Eucharist. To Christ's Passion, Resurrection and Ascension the Holy Eucharist owes its efficacy. To the Holy Eucharist in return we owe our sanctification, spiritual life and the future resurrection of our bodies. Our Savior Himself teaches us this when He says: "Your fathers did eat manna in the desert and are dead. This is the Bread which came down from heaven that if any man eat of it, he may not die.... He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood has everlasting Life and I will raise him up in the last day."

We shall all resume these bodies of ours on the Last Day, either for glory or for punishment eternal; but he that worthily unites himself, by Holy Communion, with the glorious and risen Body of the Man-God, contracts an alliance and intimacy with Him, which forbid this Divine Guest to leave in corruption these members made His own by the sublime mystery of Faith.

We must, therefore, approach the holy table with an ardent ambition for our resurrection, knowing, as we do, that we then receive into our bodies an element, which is to preserve them, even when they are turned into dust, and which, moreover, confers upon them a right to the qualities of glorified bodies, whose beauty and happiness will be like those of our Jesus after He had risen from the grave.

Now, if our Redeemer does all this for our bodies by means of Holy Communion,—giving them thereby the pledge of immortality,—what must we not do for our souls in order to strengthen and increase within them that "new life," that Resurrection-life, which is the fruit of Easter, the object of all our past efforts, the reward of all the victories we have gained over ourselves during the campaign of Lent? Nay, unless this new life be fostered by frequent Communion, it is in danger of growing weak, perhaps even of becoming extinct in us. St.

Paul tells us that "Christ, having risen from the dead, dieth now no more"; we, then, shall die no more, for we are arisen with Him. Let us hunger after the Bread of Heaven, of which Christ says, "If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live forever."

The pious Jewish women "bought sweet spicery, that coming they might anoint Jesus. And very early in the morning, the first day of the week they came to the sepulchre." For many daily Communion is practically impossible, but most Catholics are able to approach the Holy Table at least every "first day of the week," on Sunday morning early. Nothing more is required for frequent Communion than to be free from mortal sin and to have a good intention. The intention is good if one brings to the holy table the sweet spicery of virtue, a lively faith, humility, confidence, and charity. How often do not the sorrows and troubles of life bear down upon us like a heavy stone! Come, therefore, all you who labor and are burdened and Christ will refresh you. If sin, especially mortal sin, is the very great stone separating us from Our Lord, let us make use of the sacrament of penance. The priest like an angel of light will roll back the stone and tell us where we may find our Savior. Fear not, seek Jesus who was crucified, for you will find Him. You will find Him, not indeed in the empty sepulchre of a worldly and sinful life, but in the joy of a good conscience, in the state of grace; you will find Him in the Blessed Sacrament, in Holy Communion, for He has arisen—He is still with you. Having received Holy Communion, your heart, in which the Sacred Host reposes, ought to be a seat of virtue and angelic purity. Defile it not, therefore, with uncharitable or impure thoughts, words, and deeds. Your tongue, on which Christ's sacred Body rests, should never utter words that are impure, curses, and uncharitable conversations, so that your Guardian Angel may always be able to speak of it as the Angel did of the holy sepulchre: "Behold the place where they laid Jesus."

When the priest gives you Holy Communion, he prays that the Body of Christ may preserve you unto life everlasting—in heaven. Thither—to heaven—has Jesus gone with His glorified Body; thither has He gone before you; there you shall see Him as He is—face to face; there "you shall see Him as He told you."

Jesus! Whom for the present veiled I see,  
What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me,  
That I may see Thy countenance unfolding,  
And may be blest Thy glory in beholding.  
—St. Thomas.

## Gossip

CLARE HAMPTON

### CHAPTER 3

TWO years passed, during which Elena Roberts passed the cruellest gauntlet that was ever given anyone to run. She found herself completely ostracized, and severely left alone. At first she had not paid much attention, being habitually reserved, and used to minding her own business in her own little home, but gradually, as the child Paul grew up, the truth flashed upon her, that her neighbors fought shy of her, that they kept their own children away as if the little one were poison, that conversations stopped when she drew near, that she never was asked to any social affairs. Little by little she realized that little Paul's presence had made of her a social pariah, and it surprised and pained her. Yet it never occurred to her to break her promise in her own defense. Rather she took solace from the example of the saints, who often suffered unjustly in like manner. Yet, though the spirit hovers on the edge of the clouds, the body is of clay, and yearns in spite of us, for Elena, having come to sate her homesick heart on old familiar faces, associations and places, and being gentle and affectionate, found everything suddenly turned to gall for her. And though she held her cup carefully before her, looking neither to right or left, lest she spill a drop, for the little golden-haired one's sake, yet the strain began to tell upon her, and she grew hollow-eyed and weary-looking from the unequal battle with the ever-gnawing pain in her heart.

One morning, as Elena entered the butcher shop, the air seemed surcharged with some sort of electricity. All the women in the store had been loudly discussing some absorbing subject, but ceased abruptly when she entered. Mrs. Licklighter seemed to look at her defiantly, and Elena dropped her eyes, and wondered what new pain was in store for her. But she was getting used to such treatment, and, quietly ignoring them all, approached the counter, and made known her wants to a clerk.

Meanwhile, at Mrs. Licklighter's house, a young man sat moodily at a window, revolving certain dreadful tales in his mind. He had but just returned from South America, and his aunt had been giving him the news of the town. What she had told him of Elena Roberts hurt miserably. He could not believe it, for in his heart he had preserved her image intact, and it was really only his yearning to know how all was going with her, that brought him back home after all those years.

"Aunt, I'm going out," he said as that lady entered the house, her basket laden with provisions.

"What? Without taking any lunch? But wait one moment; I'll have some chops fried right away. It won't take long."

"No; I can't eat. You've taken away my appetite. I'm going to find out if what you told me is true."

"Rex! What are you thinking of?" cried the lady in alarm. "Don't you dare do any such thing!"

"Why, are you afraid to stand by your words?" he asked, coolly.

"No, but—it will—it will look very queer," she finished, lamely.

"Nevertheless, I'm going to find out," he reiterated, getting his hat. Mrs. Licklighter knew from experience that it was useless to protest, once he had decided to do a thing, and, as he left the house, her conscience became violently uneasy. What proof had she, indeed, that all the things she had told him were true? Then her uneasiness gave way to anger. What was the fool thinking of, anyway, to go to a person and ask him to his face if certain stories were true? Of course, she would deny all, from first to last; he did not expect her to own up to her errors, did he? But, of course, it was just like those headlong Halls to do things like that. Her dead sister, Bettina, had often suffered from her husband's headlong impulsiveness, and Rex was just like him!

Elena had just returned home from the market, and little Paul had come crying from the garden, saying he had bruised his knee, and wanted "thum thalve on it."

"All right dear. Aunt Ellie will fix it up right away if you will sit down on that chair," she replied, gently patting the tear-stained cheek.

Having applied some ointment and bandaged the knee, she then took him on her lap and began rocking, soothing and talking to him meanwhile, planting countless kisses on his golden curls, and gaining solace for her heart therefrom. Suddenly there was a shadow in the sunlight that fell across the floor, and looking up, she beheld a face at the window—pale, worried-looking, but an old familiar face.

"Oh!" she cried joyously, and dropping little Paul to his feet, ran to open the door and welcome him. It was the first time since her return to town that anyone had voluntarily sought her out, and her heart was in her voice.

"Stranger! When did you come in?" she questioned, holding out her hand, which he took heartily as he entered.

"Last night on the 12:55. I just now walked around the block four times before I decided to ring your bell," and he smiled his old, cheery smile, that belied the sadness in his eyes.

"Why? Were you afraid you wouldn't be welcome, or are you getting like the rest of my neighbors?" she asked, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Well, I didn't know, you see—it's been a long time—"

"Not so long but that friends ought not to forget each other."

"I'm glad to hear you say that! That's what brought me; I haven't forgotten you, and what's more, I don't intend to forget you — ever."

A lump rose in her throat at this loyalty, but she passed it off with a laugh.

"Come and sit in my parlor, said the spider to the fly!" she invited gaily, opening the door to her cheerful little sitting room.

"Thank you; I'm quite willing to have you spin a web around me," he replied, taking the proffered seat. "I confess I'd be willing to sit in your parlor for the rest of my natural life, but you forbade me several years ago."

She put up her hand as if to ward off all reference to the subject, and a pained look crossed her face.

"You wouldn't if you knew what my neighbors say; they wouldn't touch me with a tent pole!"

"On the contrary, I do know what they say; Aunt Sadie gave me all the news of the town in full this morning. Still, I am here. Does that convey anything to you?"

"It does, and I thank you, but you ought not to be rash. You will spoil your own chances."

"Chances of what? Do you think I care what a lot of venomous-tongued old women say? I'd as soon pay attention to a pack of cackling hens!"

Here little Paul came sidling up to her, seeking to be caressed. She drew him up on her lap, and buried her face in his curls, murmuring, "Poor angel!" Looking up, she met Rex's eyes squarely, and read his unspoken question.

"He is not mine," she said, regarding him steadily. "I adopted him; more than that I am not at liberty to say. But because I did not go gadding about telling every last woman of them the entire tale, they jumped to their own conclusion. I came back because I was lonely and homesick, and longed to be among the old familiar faces and places, but—cold, calculating New York is kinder!"

"Far kinder than a small town!" echoed Rex. Then his eyes grew tender, and his face solemn and earnest. "Elena," he said, taking her hand, "once you refused me. But I dare to hope that years might have changed that verdict. Won't you give me the right to defend you? I'll silence them!" And his eyes glittered with indignation.

"They'll all sneer at you and pity you."

"Let them dare!"

"You would take me without any further explanation?"

"I need no explanation. You are you!" It was as if he had said, "God is holy!" and Elena bowed her head to hide the tears that had started to her eyes. When she could trust herself to speak, she said,

"You are very, very kind, but—"

"But—what?" he echoed eagerly.

"My heart has been so full of pain all these days, that I seem to have room for nothing else. I must have time to think—"

"But you allow me to hope?"

"Perhaps! I scarcely know myself," and she sighed wearily.

"I'll come back in a week or two for my answer."

#### CHAPTER 4

Two weeks later, Elena Roberts lay grievously ill. Sometimes she murmured strange, incoherent things, causing her nurses to look inquiringly at each other. One or two women had at last found the Christian compassion in their hearts to come in and look after her wants, and one night one of them, sitting up with her, caught a low-murmured name, and electrified her companion next morning with the information. Silently, secretly, the thing got around, causing much whispering and arching of eyebrows and nodding of heads.

"Yes, she ought to be told, the stuck up thing! 'Twould bring her down a peg or two!" said one.

"Always praising her darling! I knew 'twould end in no good!" said another.

"That's what she gets for interfering between two young people. She sent him to New York because she thought Fenwick girls weren't good enough for him!"

"Does old lady Colerab know? She'll see that it gets to Mis' Henshaw's ears. 'Twill serve her right, too!"

And so the cauldron seethed and boiled, until finally it did "get to Mis' Henshaw's ears," giving her a bitter dose of her very own medicine. Refusing to believe, and furiously denying it, though at her heart she had vague misgivings, the scorpions of hearsay continued to lash her until she feared to go out of her house,

lest she see the pointing finger in the eye of every passer-by. She grieved till it made her ill.

Meanwhile Elena grew weaker day by day, until, at last, the doctor began shaking his head. Father O'Neill endeavored to find a temporary home for little Paul in some family, but everyone evaded the irksome duty, fearing to let the poor innocent mix with their own children, so he was obliged to take the child home to his old housekeeper, who, like all the rest, feared to "touch pitch," yet dared not disobey him.

"Why don't you give 'im to 'is grandma," said one acid old woman to the Father. "Why should we bother with her son's brat?"

At length, Elena hovered between life and death, and the housekeeper threatened to leave if the additional labor of the child's care were not taken off her, so the priest, looking gray and care-worn, took his hat, and walked reluctantly down to Mrs. Henshaw's.

She, seeing him coming, turned pale, for she guessed his errand, and in her agitation, began to tremble all over. But the priest's first words took a load off her heart, and then with a relieved sigh, she listened eagerly.

"Your son married an actress," he said. "She died first, and he shortly after. In some way, he met Elena, and knowing he could not live long, gave little Paul to her, and begged her to be a mother to him. At the same time, he made her promise solemnly that she would never tell you anything about it, because he did not wish you to know how low he had fallen. He and his wife were both drug addicts."

"Oh my God! Is that all? And all that time she made us think—"

"Remember, she gave him her solemn promise."

"Then why didn't *you* come to me, Father?"

"Because I could not betray what was told me in confidence. But for the child's sake, I am forced to tell you now. Elena is at the threshold of death."

She was startled by the news, though she had known all along how low the girl was.

"And we all thought—but why did she keep such a foolish promise? Taking the trouble to raise a child not her own!"

"You forget she loved Albert, and did it for his sake."

"God forgive me for ever keeping them apart!" she exclaimed, now weeping bitterly. "Can I ever make it up to her?"

"You can," said the priest solemnly. "Undo all the gossip that has been circulated about her, and set her straight before the world. But come; will you speak to Elena? Tell her you know all, and relieve her of that dreadful secret. I believe that is what is killing her."

"Indeed yes, Father," replied Mrs. Henshaw, wiping her eyes on the corner of her apron and untying it. "We will go there first, and get my poor little grandchild afterwards."

The old lady was not bad at heart, once her armor was penetrated, but she had two bad weaknesses, like many another woman. One of them was her idolized son, the other was, gossip. The first brought in its train the deadly sin of pride, which precedes a fall, the second made an innocent girl's life unbearable.

\* \* \* \* \*

However, all's well that ends well. Little Paul found a grandmother; Elena, exonerated, rallied and recovered; Rex Hall came for his answer, and received it, with the result that little Paul also gained an uncle; for Elena refused to give up the child entirely, but arranged that he divide his time equally between her home and Mrs. Henshaw's. Likewise, she became in the light of a daughter to that lady, being the loving foster mother of Albert's child, thereby earning the grandmother's undying affection. Finally, everybody kept calling and bringing little gifts of cake and dainties, and making up for all the dreary pain they had caused her, and none was more assiduous than Mrs. Licklighter, whose niece Elena was soon to become; and by the time the wedding bells rang for her and Rex, it might safely be said that Elena Roberts was the best loved girl in all Fenwick Crossing.

### God's Masterpiece

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

By God's almighty "Fiat" all was wrought:  
The sky where Helios wheels his chariot bright  
Eclipsing myriad worlds of starry light;  
The waves that toss the ships with treasures fraught  
Which art and skill in Neptune's realm have sought  
Or mined from caverns of eternal night,  
For man, the king, enthroned on reason's height,  
Who rules dumb creatures 'neath his scepter brought.

Beside God's greatest work like grains of sand  
Are all these wonders of the land and sea  
That teem with life, and firmament above.  
In form of bread, sustained by His own hand,  
Its substance gone, we know our God to be—  
The Eucharist, God's masterpiece of love.

### The Skylark

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Methinks that God when molding thee,  
Shrined with exquisite art,  
An echo of the seraphs' song,  
Forever in thy heart.

## Notre Dame University Chapel

HARRY W. FLANNERY

The bodies of two martyrs from a catacomb of the second century; pieces of the cross on which Christ was suspended on Calvary; a piece of the manger in which He was born; pieces of the veil and girdle of His Mother; an altar declared to be as perfect in symbolism as those of the greatest artisans of the Middle Ages—carved three centuries ago by Bernini, who aided in the decoration of St. Peter's Cathedral, in Rome; paintings and designs by one of the greatest Italian moderns, an artist of the Vatican, Gregori; one of the largest bells in the United States; a chime of twenty-three bells.

**W**ITHIN the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at the University of Notre Dame are all these, and many more features that make that church one of the most interesting and most important churches in the United States. On December 8, 1921, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the church was built fifty-two years. Consequently these particulars regarding this largest college chapel in the country are especially timely now.

But a short distance away is another church—a chapel of logs. It is not far from this modest little shelter to the great Gothic temple, but centuries are spanned by the time that passed between the building of the first log chapel of which the present one is a replica, and the building of the great cream-colored brick edifice with a spire that reaches upward two hundred and eighteen majestic feet.

Sometime in the middle of the seventeenth century the Pottowatomie Indians were taught on the banks of the silver St. Mary's by Rev. Claude Allouez, a member of the Society of Jesus. For three years Father Allouez was at the future Notre Dame's site. On August 27, 1689, he died at the Jesuit mission of St. Joseph—since grown to be the city of St. Joseph, Michigan, and was buried on the banks of the St. Joseph river between Niles and Bertrand. The mission which Father Allouez began was continued after his death but the log chapel was abandoned in 1759. In 1830 Rev. Theodore Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States, rebuilt the chapel. Then follows a long history of missionaries who taught the Indians and worked with them until Rev. Edward Sorin and six brothers arrived at Notre Dame on November 26, 1842.

But this is not a history of Notre Dame. This is the story of the chapel of Notre Dame, although to be true, a story of that chapel might well be the story of Notre Dame. The little

school began by Father Sorin grew and finally a greater chapel was needed and begun in 1869. It may be well to pass over these years of adolescence and speak of the church as it is today.

The church, a gallery of art, a treasury of sacred relics, a great bulwark of religion, is rich in adornment, in holy wealth, and one of the most notable in America. The interior, in Gothic architecture, is enriched by some of the most attractive frescoes in the New World, and many architects have declared it the most beautiful in the country. The main altar from the ateliers of Froc-Robert of Paris, splendidly carved and bejeweled, was once in the Church of St. Etienne, of Beauvais. The rear altar, carved by the great Giovanni Bernini nearly three centuries ago, is the only one by that great artist in America. The bell in the tower, said to be the largest in the United States and one of the finest in the world, has a national reputation. The chimes of twenty-three bells, whose notes ring so prettily on the evening air at Notre Dame, is the greatest, but one, in the country.

The altar is symbolical. Its gold, jewels, and fantastic carvings tell the story of the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of the Apocalypse, and it has been said even the monks of the Middle Ages, who carved the most elaborate of allegories into their work, have not surpassed the symbolism of this altar. It is a careful rendition of the sacred text, with the Lamb triumphing as the crowning piece of work in the whole.

Within the church clustered columns of serpentine marble rise to capitals of golden oak leaves, through which peep laughing sculptured cherubs.

All in all the church is a remarkable one, visited every day by many travelers. It is in the form of a Latin cross, two hundred and seventy-five feet long, one hundred and fourteen feet wide at transepts, and trimmed with marble in keeping with the surrounding structures. It has a chancel and seven apsidal chapels. Altogether it houses twenty-two chapels.

Luigi Gregori, one of the greatest of modern Italian masters, and for many years painter at the Vatican in Rome, is responsible for the splendid paintings that decorate the church's walls. Gregori was a careful artist, and his work is most brilliant and truthful. Faces of those he knew and liked found happy places in his works; faces of those he knew and did not like found sorry places in his work. An old

brother of the community, it is said, was painted as Simon of Cyrene, who carried our Lord's cross under compulsion, and it is likely that as the brother made the stations he was distracted in helpless anger when he came to that fifth station. Peering through the curtains of a fresco in the Main Building at the university in a picture on Columbus' Return and Reception at Court, are the grinning faces of Gregori's friends. Kneeling before the royal pair, and kissing the royal hands, are pictured other persons that the Italian artist did not like so well. This fresco was used by the United States government as a design for the cent stamps of the Columbian Exposition.

On the ceiling of the nave Gregori placed angels who fly before a field of blue studded with golden stars. Some scatter flowers upon the worshippers. Some chant. Some play instruments. On the walls are saints, the evangelists, the prophets, Moses, David, Jeremiah, and Daniel. These are life-size and remarkable for their grace and beauty. The prophets sit on clouds with a background of gold mosaic. The stations of the Cross, in the Gothic frames, are elaborately trimmed with gilded gables and pinnacles. Scenes from the life of the Blessed Virgin are depicted on the ceiling.

Two large mural paintings are on either side of the organ at the rear. The one on the left is the most beautiful of any paintings in the church. It represents the children of Israel attacked in the desert by serpents while Moses points to the brazen serpent that they may look and be healed. Some writhe on the ground, some look upward in despair, some beseechingly gaze on the serpent that they may be freed from their torment. The other fresco represents Christ walking on the water. St. Peter,

of failing faith, falters beneath the waves. The other apostles are seen in the background. Gregori drew it as a thanksgiving for the rescue of Very Rev. Father Sorin from drowning on the steamer *L'Amérique*.

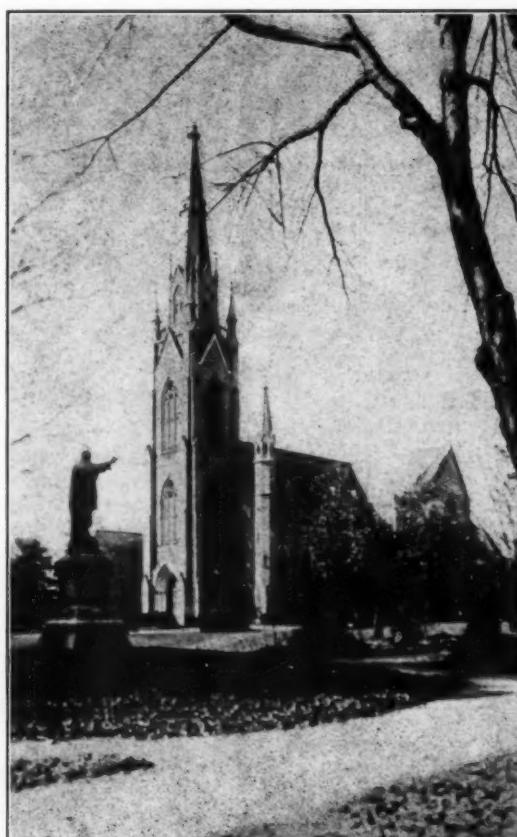
The oil painting of Jesus and His Mother over the altar of the Blessed Virgin was suspended in the room in which Pope Pius IX died. In 1866 the Princess Eugenie made a present of the crown of gold studded with precious stones that crowns the statue of Mary. The fifteen mysteries of the rosary are symbolized in the great crown suspended nearby, the gift of fifteen persons.

The stained glass windows, sixty-four in number, with designs from many famous artists, are the work of the Carmelite nuns of Le Mans, France, and are real gems of art.

Before the altar nine lamps burn continually, typical of the nine choirs of angels. The middle one, the sanctuary lamp, is magnificent. It is of gold, with cloisonné enamelling and precious stones, the light supported by three dragons, with eyes of rose topaz, heads of solid silver, surmounted by an egret of lilac and golden plumage, with nine topazes and turquoises glittering amid their feathers, on the throat of each a beautiful cornelian, on each neck a crest of malachite, and between each figure three blue and gold shields representing scenes in the Nativity.

Bernini, a Neapolitan architect and painter, who lived from 1598 to 1680, carved the altar in the church. He designed many of the embellishment of St. Peter's in Rome, under Pope Urban VII. His most notable work there was the colossal colonnade which he finished in 1667.

"The altar is not merely a piece of furniture more or less costly, of bronze, or carved wood, covered with gems," wrote a French priest sent



NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY CHAPEL

to report on the altar while it reposed in the Church of St. Etienne, of Beauvais. "These details," he continued, "which have their value, are only accessories. The Christian artist should, like his predecessors of the Middle Ages, have an idea before he begins to carve or to chisel. Now here the idea is without doubt sublime. It has been taken from a worthy source. The altar with two faces is the Thabor of the Emmanuel, of God dwelling with us,—*Nobiscum Deus*. It is the table of sacrifice.

"The tabernacle is the rendition in gold and jewels of the twenty-first and twenty-second chapter of the Apocalypse, and we believe that even in the times of faith, in the Middle Ages, when the artists represented the heavenly Jerusalem on the capitals of columns, on the canopies of statues, and even on the censers of the Benediction, this rendition has never been so complete — we were going to say, so literal." The writer continues in some detail.

"In the center gable," he says, "an angel enameled in bright colors holds a phylactery, and proclaims that 'there is the Tabernacle of God among men, that He will dwell with them, that they should be His people, and that God in their midst shall be their God.'

"The Alpha and Omega which appear in the little four-lobed windows over the doors recall the promises made to him who shall be victorious. A sheaf of slender columns sustains the Holy Jerusalem, as if descending from Heaven. The city is a square; it is as long as it is wide; it has a great and high wall, in which are twelve gates, and twelve angels, one to each gate. Twelve enamelled plates bear the names of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. It has three gates to the east, three to the north, three to the south, and three to the west. And the wall

has twelve foundations, on which are the names of the Twelve Apostles of the Lamb. The city is of gold and twelve kinds of precious stones. Those which adorn the foundations bear the names of the Apostles.

"The Lamb crowns the city, and holds aloft the Cross, the emblem of His triumph. The richly enamelled gates disclose the River of Living Waters, which flows from the Throne of God and the Lamb, and in the midst of this river the Tree of Life, whose fruits are represented by twelve precious stones, and whose luxuriant foliage gives the leaves for the healing of the nations.

"After this long citation of the Holy Book, which is but a description of the Tabernacle, we have nothing to add. The person most difficult to please is satisfied. The rendition of the Sacred Text is complete. Gold, bronze, wood, coloring, enamelling, carving, statuary, mutually concur, to effect a harmonious whole. We cannot enter upon the details of this work, which is now before us, and which we admired only in a hurry, but let us lovingly salute the crowning piece of this work, the top of the city. This is wonderfully successful, and, from whatever side it is seen, produces a remarkable effect. This is indeed the Lamb which was sacrificed: *Dignus est Agnus qui occisus est accipere coronam*. He bears a

standard of royalty, and on His head the cruciform nimbus.

"The interior of this Tabernacle is covered with heavy plates of gilded silver, which makes the richness of the inside correspond with that of the outside.

"The altar itself is very rich and in harmony with the Tabernacle. It has been fashioned like a shrine, the sides of which are composed of two arcades of gilded bronze. Enamelled



INTERIOR OF NOTRE DAME CHAPEL

angels in relief adorn the arcades. Six pillars support the table of sacrifice, and form six niches for statues representing the virtues—all remarkable for their finish. A beautiful garland of gilded bronze encircles the altar, recalling this passage of Exodus: 'Thou shalt construct Me an altar, and thou shalt surround it with garland four fingers high.'

"The altar of Notre Dame recalls the liturgical phases through which the Catholic altar has passed. The altar has always been the table of the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Nothing has been here omitted to make the altar unworthy of its destination."

The organ at the rear of the church is of Gothic structure and rosewood finish, forty feet high, twenty feet wide, and twelve feet deep. The cross on the top is sixty feet from the ground floor.

Besides the piece of the true cross, the manger, the garments of Our Lord, the piece of the veil and girdle of His Mother, there are in the church also a chalice and paten which were used by Pope Pius IX, a large crucifix fully seven feet high, and an ostensorium over four feet high, both of beaten gold and silver, presented by Napoleon III of France. In the Bernini altar is a piece of the wooden altar preserved in the Church of St. Praxedes in Rome, which St. Peter used as a portable altar. At the east and back of the main altar is a wax figure of one of the early martyrs, the child saint Severa, murdered by her pagan father for becoming a Christian. A skull of one of the Theban Legion, of one of the sufferers of the early persecutions in France, and the bones of a boy martyr of that period, are beneath the main altar.

The churchmen of the Middle and Early Christian Ages were, as a whole, extremely devout and pious men. They devoted their entire lives to the work of their God and they believed that nothing was too much to do for Him. As a result the great cathedrals of those times were built, cathedrals that defy modern architectural exemplification in a worthwhile degree. Notre Dame has a chapel, the largest of college chapels, has beautified it as few in this country are beautified, and made it one of the most notable of churches in the United States. One sees a resemblance between the spirit that built this church and that which built those early cathedrals.

### The Ideal Christian Family

SR. A. MECHTILDA

THE family is a sacred institution divinely ordained for the continuity of the race. It is founded on the indissoluble union of one man

and one woman in lawful wedlock. Under the Christian dispensation the marriage bond has been elevated to the dignity of a sacrament, whence the contracting parties receive grace to acquit themselves well of the weighty responsibility they assume.

Persons are free to enter into the marriage relation or not, its duties should not be undertaken hastily but only after serious reflection, prayer and consultation with prudent persons.

Although marriage is not the highest form of vocation, it is for those called thereto, a road leading to heaven—a medium whereby one can exceedingly honor and glorify God. The Holy Family offers an excellent ideal for family life wherein every-day duties should be blended with the eternal purpose of life. Christ himself deigned to become a member of a human family, and as a child to teach the lesson of obedience due to parents, while the conduct of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph is a true guide in the exercise of parental authority.

As in other institutions, so also in the family, there must be headship. In the economy of the divine plan, the father holds this place. Wife and children are not his property but are under his protection. Thus, St. Joseph, recognized as head of the Holy Family, received the angel's warning to take the Child and his mother and to flee into Egypt. It was also to him that the order to return into Israel was given.

Assuredly the first duty devolving on parents is the discharge of their religious obligations, in other words, their personal sanctification. The shining example thus given to their children is an eloquent instruction and the source of the parents' moral authority. Need it be asserted that such ideal relations cannot exist where husband and wife are of a different faith?

Parents are obliged to give a religious education to their children. No one can wholly replace them in the discharge of this sacred right and duty. In a truly Christian family there pervades the life of the home, a certain religious spirit which the child imbibes and through which he soon learns to know and love God. His moral nature, his conscience, the habits he forms and his ideals are generally the reflection of the moral life of the parents. Moreover, he acquires a knowledge of the family customs, traditions and social usages. Thus family life is a training school in which parents are the teachers. The nursery rhyme and the simple lullaby first awaken the literary sense of the child. Its baby prattle is the beginning of the social function of language. Ownership of playthings develops a sense of property rights. In the home the child acquires the art of living with others and of respecting their

rights; friendly cooperation and self-restraint are practiced in the simple game, while domestic discipline and government foster a love and reverence for authority.

The moral, social and intellectual life of the home is supplemented later by the school, the choice of which is undeniably a parental right. In the atmosphere of the school the child recognizes the governing principles of home and in consequence, esteem for both principles and parents is increased.

In the economic life of the home the father is especially responsible for the maintenance of the family. His wage therefore should be sufficient not only to provide necessary shelter, food and clothing, but to supply the means for charity, culture and enjoyment. The mother, then, would not find it necessary to leave home and children to assist in earning the livelihood. In caring for and training her children and maintaining a neat, cheerful home for her husband, a woman is bearing her full and rightful share of the family burden.

Cardinal Manning in his "Leo XIII, on Labor," p. 18, protests against wage earning by married women, on the ground that having made at marriage a solemn contract to perform the duties of wife, mother and head of a home, she should engage in a second, whereby she becomes unable to discharge the obligations already contracted. The Cardinal says further, "No arguments of expediency can be admitted. It is an obligation of conscience to which all things must give way... There can be no home where a mother does not nurture her own infant: and where there is no home, there is no domestic life, and where the domestic life of a people is undermined, their social and political life rests on sand."

Although the state has its obligations toward the family, it should not seek to usurp parental rights. Its interference with the family is justifiable only when through inability the parents fail to exercise their natural right. As the family is — which is the fundamental moral, social, and economic unit,—such is the State. The latter's future is assured as long as the truly Christian home endures and is multiplied all over the land.

### Ship Ahoy!

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

Life is the poet's theme. The true poet is a seer and an interpreter. He chooses his characters from the passing throng, transforms them by his magic touch and then holds them up as models of virtue or demons of vice. Human nature is the same everywhere and so we see

ourselves mirrored in the light and shade of the poet's pen picture. Each of us can apply to himself in a greater or less degree the words of Launcelot in Tennyson's "Holy Grail"—

"In me lived a sin  
So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,  
Noble and knightly in me twined and clung  
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower  
And poisonous grew together."

We are all children of Eve. In our heart grows a poisonous vine that has sprung from the seeds of that fatal apple. The proneness to sin clings to our soul like the ivy to the oak. Virtue and sin alike grow in our heart, but the latter has the more exuberant growth. Unless this poisonous vine be uprooted,

"....save they could be plucked asunder all  
My quest were but in vain;...."

we seek in vain for peace and happiness. Life is a sea. Each man pilots his own boat. Now we sail with fullblown sails of pride and self-indulging repose. The sable clouds gather. Lightning flashes and peals of thunder follow. The tempestuous gale lashes our helpless bark which goes to pieces in the violence of the storm of temptations. We sink in the dark waters of sin and all hell is tugging hard to drag us into the maelstrom of despair. We fight manfully, buffeting the waves. Will help come to us as it did to Launcelot?

"There blackening in the sea-foam swayed a boat  
Half swallow'd in it, anchored with a chain;  
And in my madness to myself I said,  
'I will embark and I will lose myself,  
And in the great sea wash away my sin.'"

Ship ahoy! We seize the first plank after shipwreck—we approach the tribunal of penance and lose ourselves in the sea of repentant tears. Our will is determined to pluck out the poisonous vine. As prodigals we then kneel at the feet of God's representative, sobbing: "Father, I have sinned."—"Be of good cheer, my son,—I absolve thee—Go in peace."

Newly shriven we kneel in thanksgiving before the tabernacle, recalling the words of Sir Galahad:

"I saw the least of little stars  
Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star  
I saw the spiritual city and all her spires....  
...and from that star there shot  
A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there  
Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail."

Yes, the little sanctuary lamp tells us that there dwells not only the Holy Grail, but the Lord Jesus Himself, the Good Shepherd, waiting to receive into His open arms another of His strayed, black sheep.

## The Cats and the Cardinal

MARY E. MANNIX

### CHAPTER 4

**J**EANNETTE was inconsolable. Nothing amused her. With a wisdom beyond his years Jeannot refrained from telling her his suspicions regarding their father.

"Some one has sold them," he said, but he knew it would never enter the innocent mind of his sister, who loved her father most tenderly, to suspect that he was the guilty party and Jeannot was glad that she did not. It would only bring her a greater grief.

After the first day the child began to believe that some fierce animal had stolen the kittens, as Eulalie averred that she heard the cats mewing and a great noise of scrambling on the night of their disappearance.

But Jeannot bided his time; he entertained no such opinion.

One evening, a short time after the disappearance of the kittens the children were in the garden watching Jacques, a boy of fifteen, watering the plants.

"Why does the little one cry so much?" he inquired. "Her eyes are very red. Is it because the father is very ill?"

"It is because the wolf has stolen and eaten my dear little kittens, Noir and Blanche," the little girl herself answered. "Eulalie heard them in the night."

"No such thing," replied Jacques scornfully, laying down his watering can. "It is a lie. Your cats have joined the nobility. They are very well off and happy at Ruel with the Cardinal de Richelieu. Jolibois took them there, yesterday evening, in a beautiful new basket decorated with flame-colored ribbons."

"Jolibois is a thief, then!" cried Jeannot. "He stole the kittens."

"Oh, no," replied Jacques placidly. "He did not steal them. It was your aunt, Mademoiselle Leblanc, who came down and bought them from your papa, paying two Louis d'or for them on behalf of the Cardinal. Some would be honored to know that the great man, almost as high as the King, would want their kittens, for he is said to be a judge of them. But that would not affect me in the least, if I did not want to part with them. I can sympathize with you children in your sorrow for the loss of your beloved kittens."

"I want my kittens, I want my Noir and Blanche," cried Jeannette, throwing herself on the ground, and bursting into a loud wail.

Jeannot sat down beside her and put his arms around her neck.

"My poor little Jeannette," he said. "They were her only playthings, since Mama died, for no one ever makes her dolls now. Ah! that Cardinal is a bad man, and Aunt is still worse, to sell the cats. Do not cry, *cherie*, do not cry!"

But Jeannette would not be comforted and together the children repaired to the shelter of their beloved granary, where Jeannette soon fell asleep and Jeannot, sitting beside her with knitted brows and clenched fists considered the situation. After some time he saw in the distance his friend Jolibois, an old servant of the Denicourts, who had no regular duties to perform, but who was a trusty messenger.

The boy slid down the ladder and met him at the gate of the farmyard.

"Tell me, Jolibois," he said, "Is it true that you went to Ruel yesterday, to the Cardinal?"

"Oh, yes," replied Jolibois. "And I saw His Eminence and spoke with him. He is a grand man, Jeannot."

"Is it true, also, that you took our cats to the Cardinal?" inquired the boy.

"Oh, yes, of course, of course; I will tell you all about it. When I reached the house and rang the bell at the big door, I was met by a grand fellow in livery, who asked me if I had a package for His Eminence. I told him yes—but that I had been expressly told to deliver it to Monseigneur, in person. 'Follow me, then,' he said, very curtly, and I did so, quite at my ease, for I was wearing my best clothes, and can say, without vanity, that I looked quite presentable. He led me through the courtyard, into the garden house, where the Cardinal was sitting with Père Joseph, stirring his chocolate, in a gold cup and saucer with a gold spoon. What do you think of that, Jeannot?"

"Nothing," replied the boy, with blazing eyes. "I want to hear about the cats, that is all."

"Well, have patience, and I will tell you," said Jolibois, with a smile. "He is a most amiable man—that Cardinal! 'Let me see them! Let me see them!' cried His Eminence and I opened the basket. He was delighted, took them in his august hands, put them on the floor, poured cream out of the golden pitcher into the golden saucer and watched them lap it up. Oh, it was pleasant to see him—he enjoyed it so much. Then he took a golden purse from his pocket and handed me a pistole. 'Go, get your dinner,' he said, and I went. It was a most excellent dinner, my boy, a most excellent dinner. Oh, the Cardinal is a most saintly man, and

most generous. He ought to be Pope—perhaps he will be some day, and the Château de Ruel! It is a lovely place. Would you like to go there one day with me, Jeannot?"

"Yes, I would," replied the boy promptly. "And Jeannette, also?"

Jolibois reflected. Then he replied, "I see no objection. She is a well-behaved child, and you never go anywhere without your sister—is that not so?"

Jeannot nodded. "When shall it be?" he asked.

"I cannot exactly say," replied Jolibois. "Perhaps in a week. It appears that the Cardinal intends to spend some time at Ruel. M. Denicourt has promised him the gift of two beautiful Chinese vases, which are now in Paris being exhibited with some other fine and valuable articles belonging to the rich. The Cardinal saw them there and admired them so much that M. Denicourt offered them to him. They were formerly in one of the *Salons* here. When they are returned, which will be soon, as the exhibition is over, I am to take them to Ruel."

"And we may surely go with you then?"

"Certainly. You will be of assistance to me, also, in case I should be thirsty and obliged to go into a *cabaret* on the way for a sip of wine. You can hold the mare, for, though a splendid creature, she is very easily frightened, and the dicens would be to pay if she should run away and break the vases during my absence. With you holding the reins, Jeannot, there would be no danger."

"If I were *not* there what would you do, Jolibois?" asked Jeannot.

"I would simply have to deprive myself of a drink until I reached Ruel," replied the old man. "But with someone to hold the mare as I said, I shall be quite easy in my mind about it."

"You will not forget to tell us, Jolibois?" said Jeannot.

"No, indeed. I shall not forget, my boy—I shall not forget."

Jeannot returned to the granary where he found his sister awake. They sat for a long time, conversing in low tones, Jeannot relating his interview with Jolibois, and unfolding a plan of his own, to which Jeannette gave full acquiescence, principally by nods and smiles. Whatever Jeannot's project, it brought hope and joy to her sweet, childish face, and it was with her usual cheerful aspect that she ran beside him through the garden to the house, where, to the surprise of both, they saw the Curé enter, accompanied by two acolytes.

"What is the matter?" asked Jeannot of Eulalie, who appeared at the door.

"The Curé is bringing *le bon Dieu* to your papa, who is dying," she answered, following the priest into the house.

Clasping hands, the children looked at each other in grief and horror. Fearful of invading the sanctity of the death chamber they went on tiptoe to the back of the house, where, a few moments later, Mademoiselle found them with their arms around each other, weeping bitterly.

"Come," she said, in a solemn tone befitting the occasion. "Papa is going to die—he wishes to take leave of his children."

(To be continued)

## The Personality of the Wage-Earner

Rev. ALBERT MUNTSCH, S. J.

The industrial system which ruled in all countries until the close of the Great War was based upon a materialist philosophy and upon the brutal doctrine of the Manchester School of Political Economy. It was bound to go down to defeat in the new social order now arising. In that system the wage-earner was regarded as a commodity. He was considered a slave of the machine. He was merely a cog in the wheel of industry.

But now all this has changed. Perhaps there has even been a swing of the pendulum too far in the opposite direction. For some captains of industry complain that the wage-earner, or at least the labor-union, is becoming overbearing. But the fact is that the fate of unrestrained individualism, which was the wretched offspring of the Industrial Revolution of the last two decades of the 18th century, is sealed. The wage-earners now clamor for a voice in the management of industry. They want their employers to recognize them as human beings, not as parts of a machine.

Most of the so-called "Reconstruction Programs" issued since 1914, for instance, that of the British Labor Party, that of the four Bishops speaking on behalf of the National Catholic Welfare Council, that of the American Federation of Labor, defend labor unions, collective bargaining, the closed shop, profit-sharing, the minimum wage, co-operative societies and co-partnership of wage-earners in management of industries.

All these concessions tend to the "democratization of industry." As a well-known authority on industrial conditions has said: "Labor is often unconscious of its own goal, but co-operative, democratic control of industry, is undoubtedly that goal."

The industrial evils which are so boldly attacked by many students of industry today, have a common source. This is the materialist

philosophy which gained so much headway during the 19th century. Ever since Adam Smith published his "Wealth of Nations" in 1776, a book which became the foundation of the science of Political Economy, that philosophy ruled in industry. The laboring man was practically regarded as nothing better than a "wealth-producing animal."

But the divine within man cannot be permanently stifled. Forcibly he will be reminded at times that he "lives not by bread alone." He will bethink himself of his eternal inheritance as a child of God. He will revolt against a system which makes of him a tool. He will look upward to the stars, and strive to be relieved of the shackles of industrial tyranny.

The Re-construction Program of the British Labor Party strongly indorses these legitimate aspirations of the wage-earner. We need not agree with all the demands of that Program. Yet we must admit that it contains excellent features. We read in the Preamble to the Program: "We of the Labor Party can so far agree....as to recognize in the present world catastrophe (the European War), if not the death, in Europe, of civilization itself, at any rate the culmination and collapse of a distinctive industrial civilization, which the workers will not seek to reconstruct."

There is the point: the world was groaning under the tyranny of a "distinctive industrial civilization." Those who were the helpless victims of that civilization sought an escape from its inexorable demands. What wonder that they established labor organizations to find redress?

Yet there was a time when the personality of the wage-earner was respected. It was when the mediaeval guilds, the counterpart of the modern labor unions, flourished. The fine, democratic spirit that ruled these societies of masters, journeymen and apprentices ought to be brought back.

The craft-workers of the Guild could not become a slave of a machine or the tool of capitalism. For the religion of Christ was then held in esteem and that religion says that the "personality" of the laborer must be respected, for he possesses an immortal soul, and is destined for an eternal inheritance, just as well as the king, the potentate and the man rich in possessions.

The workman would be protected from all unjust industrial aggression if a new system, neither Socialism nor Capitalism, was to be erected upon the ruins of a worn-out régime which deserves the scorn of all socially-minded men. This is Christian Solidarism, or even Christian Socialism, as Fr. Pesch, S. J., so well

calls it in his very recent works on industrial reform. This sound system of social reconstruction has as one of its main principles: Safeguarding and respecting the personality of the laboring man. Man is man, and always preserves the privileges and endowments of his humanity. He is *never* a mere instrument of production. "He is not an undertaker or manager, but he is a producer as well as the latter." These are Fr. Pesch's own words, in his book published in 1919, and entitled "The Re-organization of Society."

## National Animosities

HENRY BRENNER, O. S. B.

**I**N these days of scant faith, grave dangers confront the civilization of the world, one of the chief being a degrading estimate of patriotism. How much downright hatred is nourished in the name of that noble virtue! For this reason it is of prime importance for every citizen to know what true patriotism means, and diligently to avoid the errors which so easily lower its proper high standard and make of it a mere shell.

St. Paul's idea of social conditions seems to give us the best foundation whereon to work in this difficult matter. For he enunciates the following principle: "There is neither Jew nor Greek: there is neither bond nor free: there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus."—Gal. 3:28.

Here is the way a well-known modern secular writer lately expressed himself: "The greatest word today that looms on the horizon of men's minds is Cooperation....Democracy, the true spirit of democracy, means the comfortable sense of human kinship....The greatest Seer of the human race perceived this and based all His teachings upon love, which is the essence of brotherhood. There was a deep significance in what He said once when word was brought to Him that His mother and His brother wished to speak to Him. A crowd of people were around the house. He went to the door and stretching out His hand over the multitude, exclaimed: 'behold, my mother and my brethren!'"

We are told repeatedly that the French hate the Germans, the Germans the French; the Americans the Japanese, the Japanese the Americans; the Irish the English, the English the Irish. Patriotism should be noble. But, in order that a thing be noble, it should throw off, as far as possible, whatever is ignoble. Now in private life, although we do not love everyone with the same fervor, and further

(Continued on page 381)

## From the Snow-clad Missions of South Dakota

FR. JUSTIN SNYDER, O. S. B., Indian Missionary, Stephan, S. D.



ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSOURI AT BIG BEND

In the belief that you might like to receive word from the Indian missions to which I was assigned some months ago, I am now writing from the snow-clad mission field of South Dakota.

My "parish" comprises a territory of about 1,280 square miles, — a strip of land eighty miles long located mainly among the big hills on the left bank of the Missouri River. Winding over these hills, twisting among the almost impenetrable "brakes," and sometimes diving down three hundred feet into a deep gulch go the rutty trails that lead to the cabins of the Red Men. Come with me by sleigh over the frozen snow to some of these huts,—or it may be only a tent! Here we find beneath our feet only the bare earth; there but barren rafters and rough clapboards offer poor protection against the wind-driven snow. Everywhere poverty. A hoary headed warrior of long ago will rise, stately in his rags, to greet us with a "How" and a shake of the hand. Bright-eyed children with raven locks will be clinging to the skirts of an aged grand-mother as she hobbles forward to caress the hand of the priest.

Now, unless you are too frozen and stiff from being cramped in the narrow sleigh, we shall go over to Big Bend, the farthest mission. The land route is all blocked up with snow and we must take the "water way," that is, the "broken" road which twice crosses the Missouri River. But there will be a solid eighteen inches

of ice between our sleigh and the "Muddy Waters" which whirl along beneath us at the rate of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. Oh yes, we're safe enough if we say a prayer to our Guardian Angels and keep a sharp lookout for air holes. It is about three miles by river going one way. At Big Bend we shall find a neat little chapel built by Father Ambrose. In the gallery is a small portable organ procured through the efforts of Father Sylvester when he wandered about in these bleak regions. Also Father Sylvester's old nail keg is still doing good service as a confessional chair. An old stove with an enormous capacity for devouring wood will keep us pretty warm. Before long various kinds of dilapidated conveyances drive up amid a series of "Hows." In comes Papa Shoots a Hole in the Sky, followed by Mamma Shoots a Hole in the Sky while strapped on her back is little Papoose Shoots a Hole in the Sky too. After the various members of the families of Not Afraid of Bear, Comes Flying, Never Misses, Smells the Earth, etc., have shaken the snow off their moccasins holy Mass will begin. Indian hymns, beautiful, touching, and devout will be sung. It is near the lenten season and maybe they will sing the "Stabat Mater." And when they come to the touching lines,

"Ina washte micante ed  
Wanikia taopi kin  
Mahetuya owa yo,"



"FORDING" THE MISSOURI IN WINTER



SACRED HEART CHAPEL AT BIG BEND

"Holy Mother, pierce me through,  
In my heart each wound renew  
Of my Savior crucified,"

may our Holy Mother pierce your heart with the truth that these poor children of the Prairie have souls as dear to our crucified Savior as those of the more favored white people. You have seen them, these remnants of a dying race, in their devotion and poverty.

As you stood in their poor homes and heard the cold Dakota winds howl and make tremble their wretched huts, did it not come to you with a pang that the comfort of the millions of happy firesides throughout our country is drawn from fertile lands robbed of these poor Americans? Let us then save their souls to the lands of Eternity! An alms from you, my friend, will help, the missionary to do this. You may not be rich,—send but the widow's mite. If each reader of The Grail would send but a few cents the combined sum would enable the missionary to do much work which, in his present struggle for existence, he finds impossible. Help save these souls and God will surely bless you.—May He do so.

### A Letter to the Editor

1727-a Lafayette Ave.,  
St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 21, 1922

The Grail:—

The inference that the sodality referred to in the article, "The Teacher and the Children of the Poor," which appeared in the February issue, is made up of the poor children who have out-grown the Settlement day nursery is quite misleading. Neither does it tend to keep the factory girls together—the members who work in factories are of a high standard and there is no social-welfare work, nor up-lifting necessary as far as they are concerned; our sodality, which is one of the largest in the city of St. Louis, is composed of clerks, typists, stenographers, book-keepers, accountants, buyers, home-girls, and girls who work in factories.

There is, however, a great deal of social-welfare work done by its members, particularly, I may say, by the girls who work in factories: these girls are always in the lead when it comes to doing good work. We have members teaching Sunday School at the Guardian Angel Settlement, others are members and two are officers of the Ladies of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, who work in connection with the Sisters of Charity, in visiting the sick and poor. There is no discrimination whatever among the girls, they are all equal and our "get-together" on our Communion Sunday (the fourth Sunday of each month) is always looked forward to with interest. We have Mass at the Settlement, followed by Benediction, then the Sisters serve breakfast to us. This is followed by a lively meeting. Our parties, pic-

nics and entertainments are always popular, and the good-fellowship that exists in our sodality does not always exist in other similar gatherings.

All our members are members of sodalities and societies in their respective parishes, and I dare say that few sodalities can boast of as many daily communicants and daily attendants at Mass, as can the Children of Mary Sodality of the Guardian Angel Settlement.

Very Respectfully,

(Miss) Eugenia V. Langevin.

The Sodality referred to in the letter above is certainly doing excellent work and it lives up to the highest requirements that can be expected of such a spiritual organization. We hope there many more such in our parishes.

We should like to add, by the way, that there is some satisfaction in receiving letters like this, for they are evidence that our paper is read.—EDITOR.

### A Letter of Gratitude

On several occasions we have referred to the pitiable condition to which the religious communities of sisters, brothers, and priests in Central Europe have been reduced. Many of our readers have sent us contributions, which have been forwarded promptly to relieve the needy. The subjoined letter gives us a peep into the sad state of affairs that exist in such communities and the condition almost equivalent to despair that seizes upon these religious who are constantly looking into a blank, dark, and dismal future.

Rt. Rev. Father Abbot:—

Your generous almsgiving is at hand, for which accept our sincerest thanks. May our dear Lord bless you and all the benefactors a thousandfold. How can we express our gratitude in a befitting manner? For our two cows, we have bought a load of hay costing 72,760 kronen, of which we have paid 50,000 kronen. The remaining 22,760 kronen we hope to pay as soon as more means are available through the intercession of St. Joseph, our great Patron. But if conditions do not take a turn for the better, we shall be obliged to sell one of the cows to secure the barest necessities of life, for instance, 50 or 60 bushels of potatoes and turnips, some flour for bread, and some necessary clothes,—anything we can get. We have to beg from all sides, or we shall perish. Without some special help from God we cannot go on. Although God has always helped us in the past, it seems that, with the enormous expense for fuel during the winter, for the necessary clothes and vegetables, we cannot continue any longer. If we could die, it were better. Perhaps by next winter we shall have died of starvation and cold, unless times grow better. It is true, alms in small amounts reach us from time to time, but they are like drops of water on a hot stove, disappearing like nothing. I beg pardon for lamenting, but I am bodily sick and mentally depressed because of the miserable condition now upon us. God help us!

Gratefully yours,  
Sr. Maria Leopoldina.

## Notes of General Interest

### FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—The wireless telephone reception is being taken up by parish clubs.

—The "missing link" is still missing. The discovery of a fossil skull in South Africa was another much heralded find, which was to show the bridge between man and monkey. But like to preceding skulls and fragments of skulls, this one is now generally admitted to be of quite recent date.

—American capital is to invest twenty-five million dollars in new ocean cables. About one-third of the world's cables is controlled by American capital.

—50,000 photographs represent one phase of the strictly scientific method in the revision of the Latin bible. In order to secure the exact Latin translation made by St. Jerome in the fourth century, the Benedictines under the direction of Cardinal Gasquet have visited leading libraries to make photographic copies, page by page, of the oldest manuscripts. These copies are then compared and the variant readings noted. After fourteen years of solid and painstaking work, the first volume of the revised bible has just been completed at Rome.

—Three hundred miles of railroad in Alaska, through frozen swamps, mountain passes, deep snows, and walls of solid rock, represent the government's most difficult engineering feat. The work was practically finished in February after seven years of toil. All the material was brought from Seattle, a distance of a thousand miles.

—Nine years ago a disastrous flood cost Dayton, Ohio, 400 lives, and millions of dollars. Today a system of dams and large reservoirs makes this impossible. The system of dams and the methods of construction open up a new era for similar work. In its principle the system resembles a bath tub with water flowing in and the drain pipe open. If the water flows in faster than the drain pipe carries it away, the bath tub fills. The Dayton system uses valleys as the bath tub and openings under the dams as the drain pipe. The valleys store the surplus water during spring freshets. The dams were constructed by the hydraulic fill, one of the greatest engineering developments in recent years. A mixture of clay, sand, and gravel with water is pumped to place by huge dredge pumps. The discharge drains the water towards the center of the dam depositing the gravel first, then the sand and lastly the clay as the impervious core.

—It is an important long distance telephone call and three minutes had passed. A new meter in Paris flashes a light before your eyes thirty seconds before the time has expired.

—"The house that 'Jacks' built" aptly describes a new system of concrete houses. The work is completed without form or scaffolding, and without pouring the concrete in the usual way. The entire side of a building is poured on a platform level with the ground.

Windows, doors, decorations, are secured by the proper mouldings. After the side has set, it is raised into a vertical position by a series of special jacks.

—The newest submarine can submerge safely to a depth of 200 feet.

—A new type of automatic coupler for railroad cars couples the air, steam, and signal pipes, as well as the cars.

—A special twenty ton truck is said to improve a gravel road, instead of destroying it. The load is distributed over six broad wheels, four of which are mounted in a line on the rear axle.

—If an intense heat from a burning building strikes a beam bearing a full load in a building, does a wooden beam last longer than steel? Uncle Sam in the Bureau of Standards has discovered that where structural steel heated and buckled in ten minutes, the wood lasted twenty-five. The best beam for resisting heat was found to be the concrete beam.

—The inability to hold one's breath is now being used to diagnose tuberculosis or bronchitis patients. They can rarely hold their breath for more than twenty seconds.

—A cycle car for fifty dollars has been placed on the market in Germany. In spite of the low price, it is fully equipped with engine, headlights, and horn.

—The Volney Prize of the Paris Academy of Sciences has for the second time been awarded to Rev. William Schmidt, S. V. D., for his work in the field of Australian languages. This eminent scholar has shown the relation between the languages of Central Asia and those of Oceania. To the ordinary reader, it may seem a far cry from this research to God's primitive revelation in Adam and Eve, yet this additional proof for the unity of all languages strengthens the argument for the oneness of religion from the oneness of language.

—Wireless messages have been sent half way around the world, direct from England to Australia. The thermionic valve, which resembles a large electric incandescent lamp, has made this possible. It takes one-sixteenth of a second for wireless waves to travel this distance.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

### MISCELLANEOUS

—The city of Rochester, N. Y., is planning to erect the largest school house in the world. It will be a four million dollar building with 211 rooms. Four and three-fourths acres of land will be required.

—Rev. Mother Cleophas, general superior of the Sisters of Providence at St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Terre Haute, Ind., arrived in Rome early in February whither she went to urge the cause of the saintly Mother Theodore Guerin, foundress of the Sisters of Providence in Indiana. At the call of a voice from the wilds of North America, with few companions, travelling amid untold hardships by land and sea, Mother Theodore braved

the perils of the long and difficult journey of many weeks from her native France to a land of mere possibilities. In 1840, mid the tears, labors, and prayers of good Mother Theodore, there was planted on the banks of the Wabash a tender vineshoot that has now grown into a thrifty, fruit-bearing vine which scatters the blessings of education and religion far and wide. The primitive log cabin that housed the first sisters has been exchanged for magnificent buildings of brick and stone, the motherhouse of some 1400 sisters, who conduct both academy and college at St. Mary's besides many other academies and parochial schools in which some 30,000 children are receiving instruction. At the motherhouse the Holy Eucharist, which is the bond of peace and love and harmony, elevated on a throne, is continually surrounded by His chosen spouses who day and night pour out their hearts in love to Him.—Recently St. Mary's sent a band of sisters to the Chinese mission field. Not only Indiana, but the Church is proud of the pioneers of this great foundation. The blessing of God rests upon the work of Mother Theodore. We eagerly await the day when, with the sanction of the Church, we may call her "blessed."

—An old Chippewa Indian, known as John Smith, died of pneumonia in Minnesota early in February. He is said to have been 138 years of age. About a year ago his eyesight failed, but his mind remained clear.

—During the past year the Catholics of England and Wales increased by more than 16,000, which makes a Catholic population of nearly two millions in these countries. Including the Catholics of Scotland, they number over two and a half millions.

—For ten years convert classes have been meeting regularly on Monday evenings at the Denver Cathedral. In that time almost 700 persons have been brought into the Church as a result of the class. Every lecture has at least fifty Protestants or unbaptized persons in attendance, and sometimes there are as many as 500 present. In order to have a systematic plan for leading more into the Church a convert guild has been formed.

—Two aged priests were called to their reward in February. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Buh, rector of St. Anthony Church, Ely, Minn., died in the 89th year of his age, and Rev. Eli W. J. Lindesmith, chaplain of St. Ann Asylum, Cleveland, O. Father Lindesmith, who was 94, was able to offer up the Holy Sacrifice until two weeks previous to his death.

—The Fort Wayne K. of C. organ, *The Beacon*, in its February number exhorts the Fort Wayne knights to attend the noon-day rosary at the Cathedral during Lent. As this public devotion from its inception last year met with such favor, and those who attended it regularly were so enthusiastic about it, the Council decided to keep it up this year. The retreat movement, too, as we mentioned in a former issue, has a very strong hold on this particular council, which is to be congratulated on the truly Catholic spirit that it exhibits.

—The International Eucharistic Congress will be held at Rome in May, from the 25th to the 29th, a report to the contrary notwithstanding.

—The 300 young men and women who act the parts in "Veronica's Veil," the passion play given at West Hoboken, N. J., closed their rehearsals in February with a retreat on the life and death of Christ. A Passionist Father conducted the exercises.

—St. Monica's Church, for colored Catholics at Chicago, in charge of Rev. Joseph F. Eckert, S. V. D., is reported to be in a very flourishing condition with its parochial school and welfare house. Many adult conversions occur. About twenty are under instruction all the time. A thriving branch of the Holy Name Society has just been organized.

—In May and June the Sisters of St. Dominic at St. Catherine, Ky., will celebrate the centenary of their foundation in the United States.

—Last month we referred briefly to the glorious record made by the New York Apostolate in the twenty-five years of its existence. We have since learned that the Apostolate was called into existence by the late lamented Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, bishop of Albany from 1904 to the time of his death in 1918. Rev. William McCann, a nephew of the deceased zealous bishop, is a member of the Mission Band.

—The Greek Ecumenical Patriarch sent a delegation to Mgr. Dolci, Apostolic Delegate in Turkey, to express condolence over the death of the late Pope Benedict XV and to express good wishes for his successor, Pius XI. This is the first time in 1000 years that the Greek Orthodox Church at Constantinople has acknowledged a representative of the Roman Catholic Church. May not this expression of sympathy be an indication that the Greek Church will eventually return to its obedience to Rome? The last three popes have striven to bring about this reunion.

—The new University of St. Mary, Area, near Chicago, opened its philosophy building with a Pontifical High Mass by Bishop Hoban in February. The chapel has five altars. Fifty students of philosophy began their course in temporary quarters last September.

—The church of St. Susanna at Rome, which was built some 1600 years ago, has been intrusted to the Paulist Fathers. It is now known as the American Church.

—The A. O. H. will erect a monument to the memory of the eleven orders of sisters that served as nurses in the Civil War. The "Nuns of the Battlefield" will be depicted by a sculptor on a slab of stone that measures ten feet in height by eighteen feet in length.

—On Feb. 13 the firemen of the city of New York had their annual memorial Mass for those of their number who had died since Lincoln's birthday, 1921. The chaplain of the fire department, Rev. Patrick O'Connor, celebrated the solemn Requiem. Very Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C. S. P., preached. One thousand firemen in uniform were present.

(Continued on page 382)



AGNES BROWN HERING

**M**Y DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—We read in St. Mark, Chapter 16, "And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene and Mary the Mother of James and Salome, bought sweet spices, that coming, they might anoint Jesus. And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came to the sepulcher, the sun being now risen. And they said one to another, 'Who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the sepulcher?' And looking they saw the stone rolled back. For it was very great. And entering into the sepulcher they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed with a white robe; and they were astonished. Who saith to them, 'Be not affrighted; you seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified. He is risen. He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him. But go tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee. There you shall see Him as He has told you.' But they going out fled from the sepulcher. For a trembling and fear had seized them, and they said nothing to any man for they were afraid: But He rising early the first day of the week appeared to Mary Magdalene."

#### Alleluja—Acrostic

Alleluja sing we all today with glee.  
Look to the mystery, there the reason see.  
Lord, Christ, who died, with glorious pomp hath risen.  
Each one, rejoice, for death from us is driven.  
Life endless hath He brought to us this day:  
United stand we strong in His array,  
Joys shall we have with heaven's glorious throng.  
Alleluja then to chant in joyous song.      F. M.

#### Saint Placidus

"Tell us more about St. Benedict, Mother. You promised you would," coaxed the children.

"Very well. Be seated and I will tell you about the boy Placidus whom St. Benedict dearly loved.

"Placidus one day went to a near-by lake to get a pail of water. Dipping his bucket too hastily, he lost his balance and into the water he went. In spirit St. Benedict saw Placidus fall and called to Maurus, another youth under his care, to go and rescue him lest the strong waves should carry him off. Maurus asked the good saint's blessing and thinking of nothing but the danger to Placidus he ran along over the water as if it were solid ground. He reached the boy, seized him by the hair and dragged him along with him. But not until he reached the shore did he realize that he had been walking on the water and when he was fully conscious of what had happened he nearly fainted from fright and admiration. When he returned to the house he told St. Benedict what had happened and the good saint explained that this was the reward of obedience.

"And while they were speaking, Placidus entered and said, 'When I was drawn out of the water I beheld the cloak of the abbot and perceived that it was he who had dragged me ashore.'

"This is all we have time for this evening, children. Another time I will tell you about Florentius, the man who tried to poison St. Benedict."

#### Boys and Girls, Aim High

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,  
Be a scrub in the valley—but be  
The best little scrub at the side of the rill;  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,  
Some highway to happier make;  
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass—  
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,  
There's something for all of us here;  
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,  
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,  
If you can't be the sun, be a star;  
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—  
Be the best of whatever you are.

#### An Executioner's Son a Martyr

How many of you know on what continent Uganda is? What people live there? Yes, it is in Eastern Africa. Some years ago a terrible persecution broke out against the Christians. Many were put to death for their faith as were the early Christians in Rome. Some who were tortured, but were not killed, are still living. Perhaps we shall see the day when these martyrs will be canonized by the Church. A number of them have already been beatified. The martyrs had not been Christians long, but when the persecution broke out they were eager to shed their blood for Christ. Among them was a little boy, the son of the executioner who had to put the Christians to death. Read the following and see how a father's love tried to save his boy. You cannot but help admiring the great courage of the little Christian who is now with Christ for whom he died.

"It was a hard day for the chief executioner, Mukajanga, as well as for his son, Mbaga Tuzide; for the latter was among the prisoners the father had to put to death. The boy had not yet been baptized, being only a catechumen. Several times had the father implored the son to listen to his good advice and allow him to tell the king that he was not a Christian. But the son remained firm as a rock; and when he saw his companions were being tied up, he did not wince in the least.

"When, however, the moment drew near for the wood to be set on fire, the poor father, giving way to his heart's affection, made a last attempt to save his son. 'My child,' he said tenderly, 'hear me, do. Let me hide you in my hut; no one comes in there, so no one will think of looking for you there.'

"'Father,' the child replied, 'I don't want you to hide me. You are the king's servant and the king has ordered you to kill me. If you fail to do it you yourself will be seized. Moreover, I know very well why I am going to be killed—it is on account of my religion. Come, then, let me be killed.'

"Mukajjanga saw that all his efforts to win over his son were useless. At the same time he could not bear to burn his own son alive. So he told one of his men to stun him with a blow and then throw the body into the fire. The man struck the boy harder than he intended, and killed him and threw the corpse into a pit."

### To be or Not to be

"I sometimes think I'd rather crow  
And be a rooster than to roost  
And be a crow. But I dunno.

"A rooster he can roost also,  
Which don't seem fair when crows can't crow.  
Which may help some. Still I dunno.

"Crows should be glad of one thing, though;  
Nobody thinks of eating crow,  
While roosters they are good enough  
For anyone unless they're tough.

"There are lots of tough old roosters, though,  
And anyway a crow can't crow,  
So mebby roosters stand more show.  
It looks that way. But I dunno."

### How Seeds Travel

How many of our Boys and Girls have observed the novel ways that God has given to nature for scattering seeds and spreading them everywhere? Read the following selection which we think will prove of interest to you.

Some seeds make journeys with wings, and others travel from place to place by attaching themselves to the clothes of men or the hair of animals; still others make their journey in the stomachs of birds. These are facts that will interest the young people who are taking an interest in agriculture and are working in a garden at home or at school. According to the United States Department of Agriculture's specialist, the seed as the starting point in the life cycle of a plant may well be studied first by young gardeners.

The seeds of the maple tree are particularly interesting. They are provided with wings, and when they become detached from the parent tree a gentle breeze will carry them a considerable distance from the branch to which they were attached. There are many forms and modifications of the winged seed, as the linden, the hornbeam, the elm, and the pine. These are all common trees from which seeds for illustrative purposes can be secured.

Some seeds are also provided with parachutes or umbrellas, not for protection from rain and storm, but for purposes of locomotion. The seeds of the thistle, the milkweed, and the dandelion—in fact, the seeds of all plants which have a cottony growth—are provided for these aerial journeys.

Besides these, some seeds are provided with hooked appendages by which they can attach themselves to the clothing of men or the hair of animals, so that they become transported from place to place. Other seeds have hard seed coats, or shells, which are covered in many cases by edible fruit. The fruits are eaten by birds, but the seeds are not digested, and in this way become distributed from place to place. The groves of cedars which are characteristic of the landscape in many sections of the country, it will be noted are chiefly placed along the lines of fences or fence rows. The fruit of the cedar is an edible one, but the seed is not digestible, and in this way the existence of these hedge rows of cedar is explained. Cherries, grapes and other

fruits are to a considerable extent disseminated in like manner.

The hard nuts of our nut-bearing trees are not used as food by birds or large animals, but are usually sought by squirrels and small rodents, which are in the habit of gathering and burying them in various places or storing them in large quantities for winter use. The result is that a considerable percentage of those which are buried in this manner are never rediscovered by those hiding them, and in time nature causes the hard shell to crack open, and the warmth and moisture of the soil brings the germ contained in the kernel into life and a tree springs into existence. It will be noted that the nuts which are buried by the squirrels did not germinate immediately after being buried, but waited until the warm weather of the spring came before they put forth their tender shoots. This is not because they willed it, but because the hard outer walls of the shell would not admit the air and water to the germ, so as to stimulate its growth.

It was necessary that the shell be frozen and broken by the action of the frosts and the weather before moisture could gain an entrance to cause the swelling of the germ. This peculiarity, when taken advantage of commercially, is called stratification. Seeds with hard shells, such as cherries, peaches, plums, and the like, have to be stratified—that is, they must be planted in the fall where the plants are to grow or they must be packed away in boxes of sand in a position where they will freeze and remain frozen during the winter, in order that they may germinate the following spring. If seeds of this character are stored and kept dry during the winter they will not germinate if planted in the spring. Seeds with thin seed coats, however, like peas, beans, etc., if treated in like manner, will be destroyed by the action of the cold, and no plants will result from planting them in the autumn. Such seeds must, from the nature of the case, be retained in a dry and comparatively warm place during the winter season, in order that their vitality may not be destroyed.

### Don't Drift

Live for something, have a purpose,  
And that purpose keep in view;  
Drifting like a helmeless vessel,  
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.  
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean.  
If some star had been their guide,  
Might today be riding safely,  
But they drifted with the tide.

### Letter Box

(Address all letters to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

We received a nice packet of letters after the February GRAIL had been received and we are pleased. Again we bid you, do not be disappointed if your letter does not appear as soon as you expect it. The better way is not to look for it until you see it! Then you will not be disappointed. Patience is a very great virtue and one that each of us should strive to acquire. Here is a letter from the Mission of Centocow, Natal, Africa.

My dear Aunt:—I want to write you about the Summer school which we had at Centocow. From the 16th to the 29th of January, during the holidays there was at Centocow a Summer School for the native teachers of Natal. Previously there had been such instructions at Marianhill. The aim of such meetings is to bring about a uniform system of teaching and to teach some crafts that can be practiced among the schoolchildren as basket-making, mat-making and gardening.



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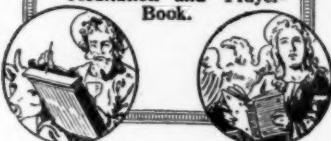
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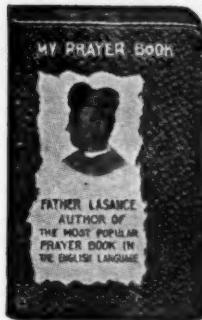


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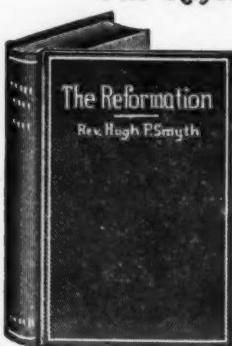
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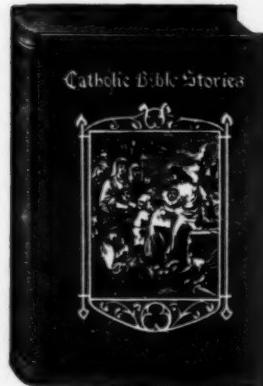
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